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GEE AITCH 43

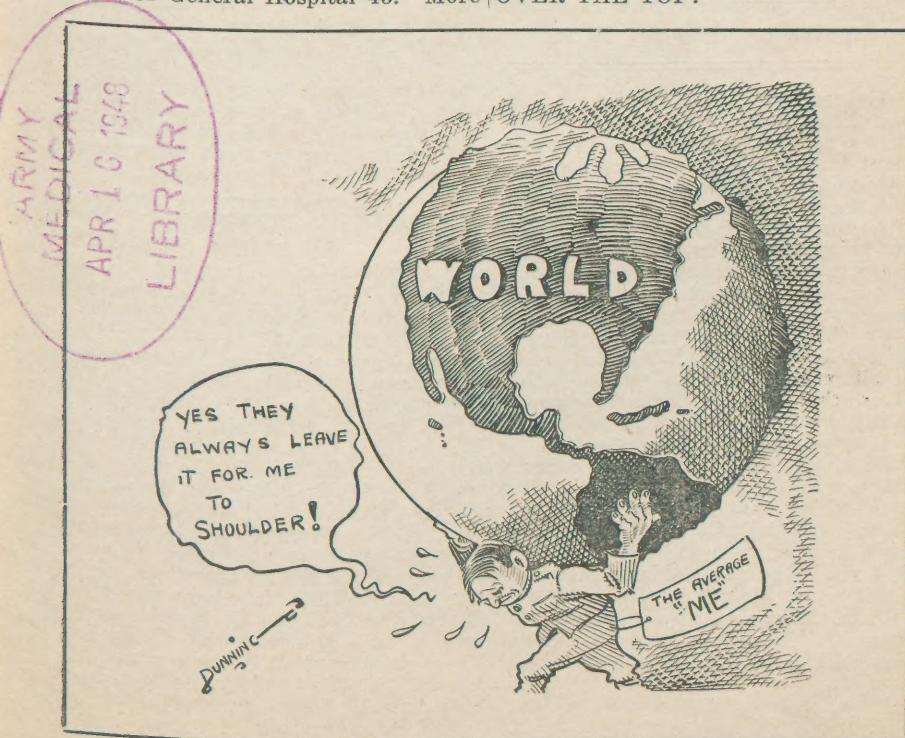
No. 19. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Wednesday, May 28, 1919

Big Decoration Day Celebration Occurs Saturday

Local and Camp Morrison Officers in Mix Here Today

Due to the fact that Camps Hill, Stuart, and other camps are celebrating on that day collectively in which affair certain athletes of this Post are to participate, it has been decided to hold our meet on Saturday, May 31. The Post Exchange is giving to winners \$200.00 in cash prizes, while the merchants of Hampton and Phoebe are also donating prizes, and just remember this, that there is going to be no small program for that day, but will be the banner event of General Hospital 43. More

athletes are entering, and more are wanted for broad-jumping, dashes and long-distance runs, in fact, all manner of athletics. Even, our Adjutant, Capt. Morgenthaler, they tell us, will enter, (perhaps), and we want to impress on you that this is one big family picnic. All right then, let's go to it! All you that can help, tell us. All you athletes, make yourselves known to Mr. Brown, Post Athletic Director, at once. UP 43, OVER THE TOP!



GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday, and devoted to the interests of General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va.

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Officer of the Day—Capt. Greene.

Wednesday, May 28, 1919.

The world is full of people perfectly willing, even eager, to do great things, to make master strokes—even great sacrifices—that will attract the attention and applause of the world. But they despise the little things. They hate trifles; details bore them; but when there comes along a great thing they are totally unfitted to attempt, they grab at it. They seem to forget that it is the doing of the little things industriously, patiently, faithfully—the careful attention to detail, routine, and discipline—that gives the training and the power necessary to do the great thing.

It was the faithful attention to little things for over half a century that made Grant able to do the first great thing that ever came to him. It was the faithful attention to the little things for over half a life time that made the great thing possible to Farragut at Mobile Bay. It was the faithful doing of small things that crowned Dewey's efforts at Manila Bay. The great strategist, Foch, lays stress on the importance of doing well the thing at hand.

People are likely to get tired of

doing little things. They cannot see what is the use of it all. They cannot get up any enthusiasm over the dry daily routine. But if they do the little things in the spirit of a drudge, if they cannot put their heart into little things, they never will accomplish great things—they never will accomplish anything.

Hit a liar with a club of truth and you quickly jolt him from his pedestal of pretense.

IT DON'T PAY TO BE A HARD GUY.

Our birdie came in fluttering the other day and whispered to us that one of our non-coms, who was connected with the mess, just went a little bit beyond his bounds of authority, and picked trouble with another, both were wrong. He provoked a little squabble, in which he got bruised up a bit. Our birdie says he is nursing a pretty badly bruised head over in Ward 1. We're sorry, but we can't see for the life of us, why grown men can't be men and act like men. Fighting always was bad for the eyes. Let's all shake hands and be real brothers to each other, and cut out this kind of foolishness.

DISTINGUISHED MEDAL

AWARDED PVT. LEE

Pvt. Carl Lee, Co. D, 117th Infantry, was officially cited for extraordinary heroism in action near Molsin, France, on Oct. 17, 1917. Having become separated from his company in a smoke barrage, Pvt. Lee with Cpl. Henry W. Cardwell, found themselves face to face with a party of the enemy. Pvt. Lee brought his automatic rifle to his shoulder, attempting to fire, but the gun was jammed and wouldn't shoot. Seeing that they were covered by the gun, and having no knowledge of its condition, the Germans threw up their hands, and while Lee kept the rifle at his shoulder, the Corporal rounded up and disarmed the Germans. Their ruse resulted in the capture of twelve of the enemy, comprising three machine gun crews.

Pvt. Lee's home is at Osage, Iowa,

and arrived here from overseas on the Princess Matoka, April 27. Lee has not been affected by this exploit, and in fact, he is very unassuming and is not given to telling tales of thrilling experiences. Fact is, his buddies in ward 4 have been living with him the past month, since his arrival, and only the other day learned that they were "bunkies" of a hero, and we guess it was just by accident that they got a look at the medal.

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They're Kidding the Corporal.

The "bunkies" of the above hero have this to say: "Jake Schaeffer, you didn't know you were sleeping opposite a hero in Ward 4, did you? You see, Jake, **privates** are all right, too; come up and try on the D. S. Medal, and see, and let us see how you look. We'll bet you'd trade those corporal stripes for it any old day." (Well, now, who are there of us who wouldn't?)

NURSES HONOR MISS CAMERON.

(By Nurses' Correspondent)

The Nurses of this hospital gave a dance in honor of Miss Cameron, Chief Nurse. Through the courtesy of the Red Cross, the Enlisted Men's Red Cross Recreation Building was obtained, and made a pretty setting for the gay couples.

Dancing was enjoyed till a late hour, the local theater orchestra furnished encores tirelessly, and even an extra or two when enthusiasm ran high. Everybody looked forward to meeting our new Chief Nurse and found her altogether so charming and jolly that we fear for her rest in the future.

The dance committees were in charge of Miss Bradley, who worked with a will to make the occasion a success.

Refreshment committee, Miss Hand, chairman (when we read this, we wondered if we'd have onion sandwiches—but we didn't—oh, no!) served delicious refreshments, dispensed by tireless litter squad workers. Assisting Miss Hand were Nurses Douline, Ramey, Peterson, Helen Leonard, Kolly, McCaun and Lenalian.

The decorating committee certainly made the hall a thing of beauty, and was headed by Miss Purtell, chairman, and the Misses Topping, Bostrand, Eilert, Fitzpatrick and Slaughter.

The reception committee was in charge of Miss Postelwaite, chairman, and united in effort to give everyone a pleasant time. It may have been due to the efforts of this Committee—Nurses Cugrill, Cresswell, Bainbridge, M. Leonard, Bosstrum and Brooks, and then, again it may have been that regular, jolly "Paul Jones" certainly everyone met everybody else, and called it a mighty good time.

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WAX DUST FROM THE DANCE FLOOR.

The evening was beautiful, the stars twinkled, and a soft sea-breeze wafted in the windows of the hall. There was Dew, fresh and sweet, even in the dance hall and Wells, both damp articles, but from which to drink "only with thine eyes" were incomparable.

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Ladies were beautifully gowned. Miss Cameron wore green messaline, draped on one side and caught up with flowers on the other. Miss Fox wore pink messaline with black knit covering. Miss Vanderbark appeared in blue satin, while Miss Cagrill wore satin of lavender hue. Miss Bradley wore white satin. Mrs. Richardson wore point d' sprit. Mrs. Roberts appeared in blue, Miss Brookes, pink silk with spangled scarf and Miss Fitzpatrick, yellow taffeta, while dozens of others were very prettily attired, but space eliminates mentioning all individually.

Oh, it was a gala night! Lt. Wells danced with so many that no one really knew who his escort was, and we wager he didn't know. Someone said he was awfully forgetful. Anyway, he hogged the refreshments, and during the excitement, Patty, the drummer, got his drum apparatus flying around and lost one of the sticks out of the window. Lt. McDonald was peeved that he couldn't attend, as he had to do that gosh darned O.D.ing job.

WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Nitemare (?)

Numerous complaints are evident around "H" way regarding slumber interruptions, due to the pesty fly-buzzing that greets one's ears and head. The nearness of the mule pen may account for it. Why not a fly-swatting crusade?

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Question—Is the War Over?

The "restricted" wish to be enlightened on this problem, since being "penned" up for a period of days.

—Contrib by Timpelliziare.

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At 7 and 9 In the Evening.

"What's that large crowd of men over there doing?" said an on-looker last evening. "Are they going home or just arriving from overseas?"

One of the Post's family, soothed him, by remarking, "They're the newly restricted bunch on their way to be checked in on the time-sheet by the time-keeper."

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While gazing at a picture of the Woolworth Building in New York, Sgt. Prinz reckoned the "church" back hum was higher, by heck! Wall, I reckon, Willie.

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Sgt. Hansen, CueEmmer, the boys in the barracks are wondering who the little Jewish girls are, you were raving about in your sleep last night?

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Wanted

Young lady wishes to meet man in uniform. Corporal (young) preferred object matrimony. Address Li'l Liza Jane.

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Pvt. S. B. does not need to laugh; he, too, waited at the Phoebus gate till 9 P. M.

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The other day Sgt. Smith was seen in one of the stores in Hampton buying creton for hangings. Come on, Sarge, tell us the color scheme of your room?

—o—

Mess Rumble.

While sawing away at meat recent-

ly, someone was heard to remark to the K. P. thus: "Why don't you sharpen your knives so that the shoe-leather can be cut up?"

K. P. Strickland—"Well, why kick, you can chew the meat and not the knife."

"Someone" "You can chew tobacco, too; I guess I'll take a piece of this meat along. It'll last all afternoon as a chew."

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"Oh, Darn"—Dunning.

Her name was Lulu and she knitted a pair of socks to be sent to men in the service. She put her card in one of the socks and in due time a note came back from the soldier to whom they had been given. It ran thus:

"Dear Lulu—Last April I received a pair of socks and in one of them I found your card. Please send me another pair. I feel that I should have a change."

BASEBALL.

TODAY—The local team will go to Camp Hill to hand the Hillmen another licking, while the Camp Morrison officers will come here and TRY to whip our fast Officer's team.

TOMORROW—The new Utilities team line up against the Registrars.

BACK FROM PASS.

Back again on the job after enjoying passes back home are: Sgt. Daniel R. Ludwig, Cook Monroe Palmer, Pvt. 1st c. Lawrence McCoy and Pvt. Arthur W. Hinds.

ADJUTANT AND MORALE OFFICER BACK.

Caps. Morgenthaler and Mallowe have returned from their trip in the West.

WITH OUR NURSES' CORRESPONDENT.

Miss June McGuire and Miss Edna Duncan arrived Monday from Fort Sill, Okla.